

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns in a dark blue color, framing the central text.

Breathless

AddictedToPhan

Breathless by AddictedToPhan

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Choking Kink, Light Smut, M/M, they're aged up

Language: English

Characters: Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-06

Updated: 2017-11-06

Packaged: 2020-02-01 00:26:05

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 716

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Based off of my HC: Ok but Reddie with a choking kink and one day when they're doing the do, Richie chokes Eddie so hard that it leaves marks and when they hang out with the other losers the next day they're all like 'wtf happened to you Eddie?' And Bill takes Eddie to the side and is like 'Is Richie abusing you? You can tell us it's ok' and Eddie just has to explain what happened and Bill is like o H

Breathless

Author's Note:

This is my first fic ever so please be nice??? I really hope you guys like it! Also I have no idea how to use punctuation so sorry about that

"You want me to choke you?"

"...Yeah?? We don't have to, it was just a suggestion" Eddie replied while on top of Richie, watching him get lost in thought for a brief moment before responding. "No, I want to. Only if you're sure though" Richie stated.

"Yeah I'm sure" Eddie said while grinding his hips down onto Richie, making the boy under him elicit a small moan. Richie pulled Eddie closer to him and helped Eddie slide off his jeans and boxers, exposing his hard cock.

Richie wrapped his hand around Eddie's dick, stroking it at a steady pace while Eddie pulled on Richie's hair, moaning loudly. Richie snaked his free hand up Eddie's body until he got to his neck. He gently pressed his palm into his neck, not wanting to hurt his boyfriend.

"Fucking hell Richie, choke me harder" Eddie exclaimed while running his hands over Richie's chest. Richie reluctantly obliged, increasing his grip onto Eddie's neck until his face turned red. He immediately loosened his grip, "Shit, oh fuck, Eddie are you okay?" Richie asked, voice filled with concern. "I'm fine Rich, keep choking me. I'll tell you if it gets to be too much."

Richie returned his hand to Eddie's neck, choking him with a great amount of force despite his trepidation. Eddie's face turned scarlet and again Richie thought he was hurting him until he heard a soft moan. Upon realizing that Eddie was fine, Richie started focusing more on Eddie's dick, stroking it faster now while still having his other hand wrapped around his throat. Eddie's eyes rolled back and within seconds he finished, feeling his orgasm throughout his entire

body.

He slumped forward, curling his body into Richie's. "Wow, that was amazing" Eddie murmured into Richie's ear. "Yeah, it really was" Richie answered.

The next afternoon all of the losers went to Bill's house to catch up, as they did every Saturday. Richie and Eddie were the last to arrive of course, due to Richie refusing to leave the house until Ghostbusters finished playing. When they finally arrived, all of the other losers immediately focused their attention onto the purple bruises covering Eddie's neck.

"HOLY SHIT, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?!?" Beverly exclaimed. "What the hell are you talking about, Bev?" "You're covered in bruises, that's what I'm talking about." "Oh, those...Umm, I had an allergic reaction to a new type of disinfectant I bought." Eddie answered, not meeting her eyes. Beverly noticed Eddie's discomfort and decided to let it drop, "Okay Eddie, if you say so" Bev said before returning to her conversation with Mike about whether or not an Emu would win in a fight with an Ostrich.

Bill however, was not as satisfied with Eddie's answer as Bev was, and after a few minutes of contemplation he asked Eddie to talk with him in the kitchen. "Hey Bill, what'd you want to talk about?" Eddie asked, slightly confused at Bill's insistence to speak with him. "I know you di-didn't get those br-bruises from an allergy Eddie. Wh-what really happened?" Bill asked. "I have no idea what you're talking about, that's what happened."

"Don't buh-bullshit me. Is Richie abusing you? It's okay, you c-can tell me. I'm here for you." "What the fuck, Bill?! No, Richie is not abusing me!" Eddie hissed. "Then h-how did you get those bruises? Stop lying to m-me." Bill commanded. "It's nothing, trust me." Eddie replied, thinking back to the previous night's events. "I'm not leaving until y-you tell me wh-what happened." Bill proclaimed, crossing his arms and eyeing Eddie expectantly. "Fine, I'll tell you, but don't say I didn't warn you. Last night me and Richie were in the middle of ~you know~ when I asked him to choke me. Happy now?" Eddie asked

rhetorically.

"Oh. Umm...ok th-then. I th-think I'm gonna go buh-back to the others now." Bill said sheepishly while walking out of the room, his face crimson. A few seconds later Richie walked into the kitchen for a glass of water. "What's up with Bill? He looks like he just walked in on me with your mom" Richie quipped while reaching for a glass from one of the cabinets. "You don't want to know" Eddie replied, before joining the rest of the losers in the living room.